

like the peacock; but if they have not attended, like you, to improve their minds as they grew up, they will no sooner begin to speak, than they will be compared to the peacock, who, to be sure, looks wonderfully pretty, but is otherwise remarkable only for his pride and stupidity.

See yonder the pretty blackbirds, larks, linnets, and in that wood before you are numberless other pretty birds. They have not, it is true, those gaudy feathers which the peacock has, nor do they strut about with that pride and state; but they are infinitely more pleasing in their activity and agility. It is pretty to see these little creatures, how they hop about from bough to bough, and seem to enjoy the most perfect pleasures. When the peacock opens his throat, you immediately forget all his beauties, and leave him in disgust; but when these little creatures begin to sing, you are charmed with

with their melody, and you quit the spot with regret.

Bless me, my dears, look at that fine bird, which is just come out of the wood! It is a pheasant. See how beautiful it looks. They are something like the game-cock, and like them will fight very furiously. No body, I believe, eats a peacock; but most people are fond of a pheasant. This is perhaps only owing to their being not so plentiful as other birds, and things that are hard to be come at, however indifferent they may be in themselves, are generally in high esteem.

See those two little rogues of cock sparrows, how they fight! I know a naughty little boy, who used to catch these sparrows, put artificial spurs on them, cut their wings, and then set them together, when they would fight till one of them lay dead on the spot.

Let us look into the barn, and it is a chance but that we shall see an owl there.

Look